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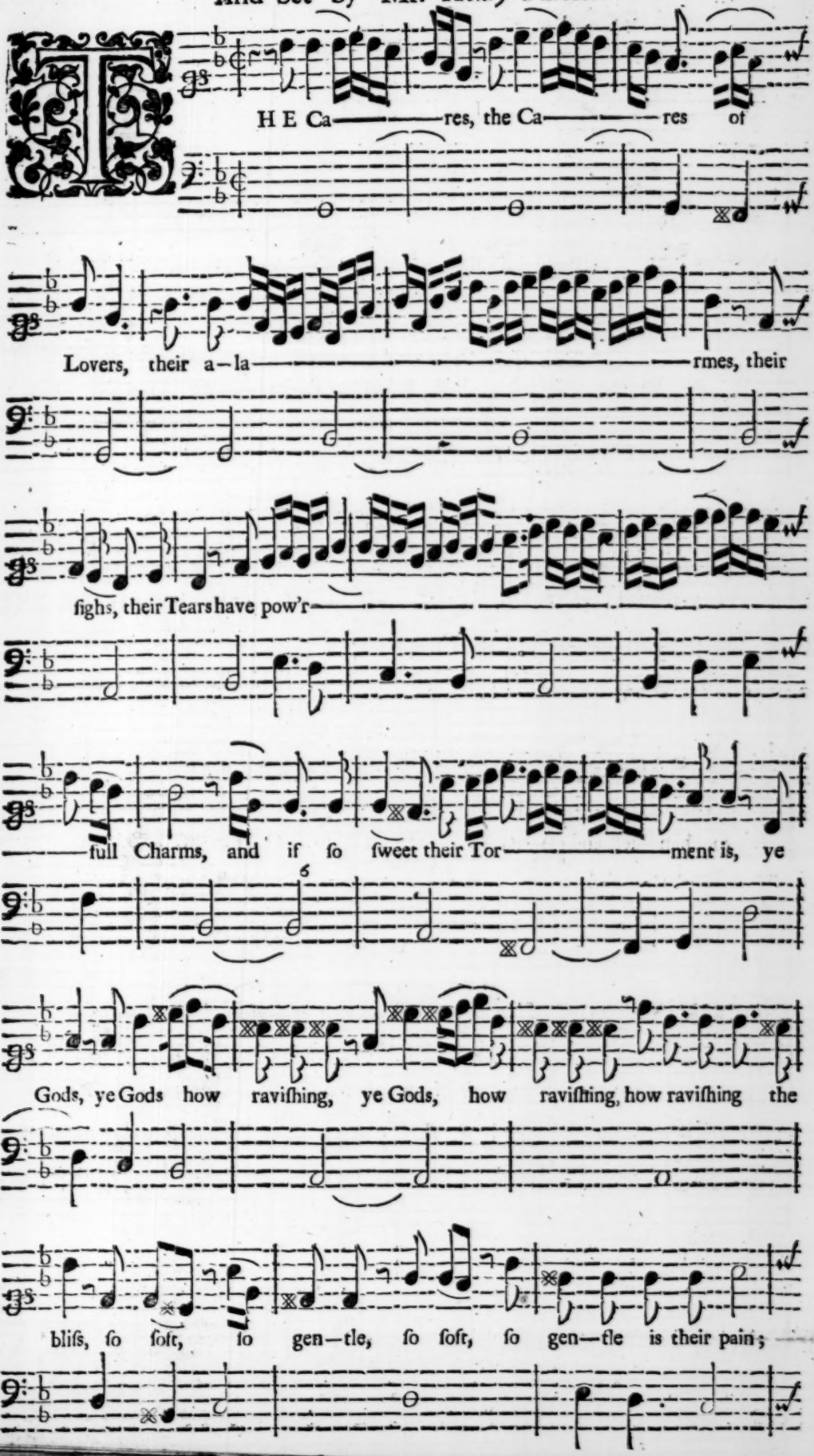
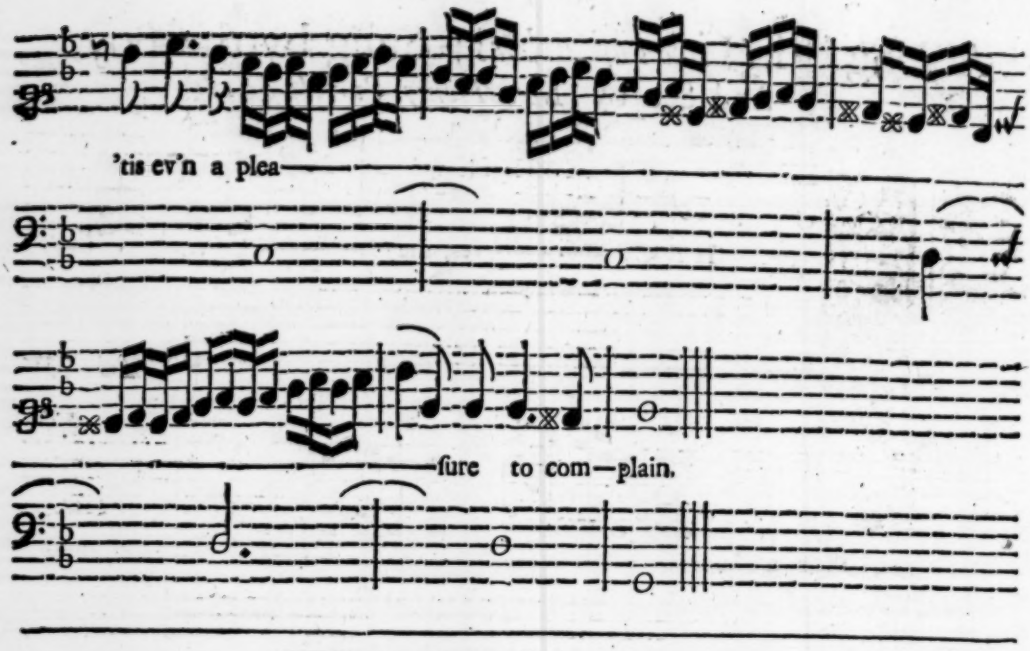
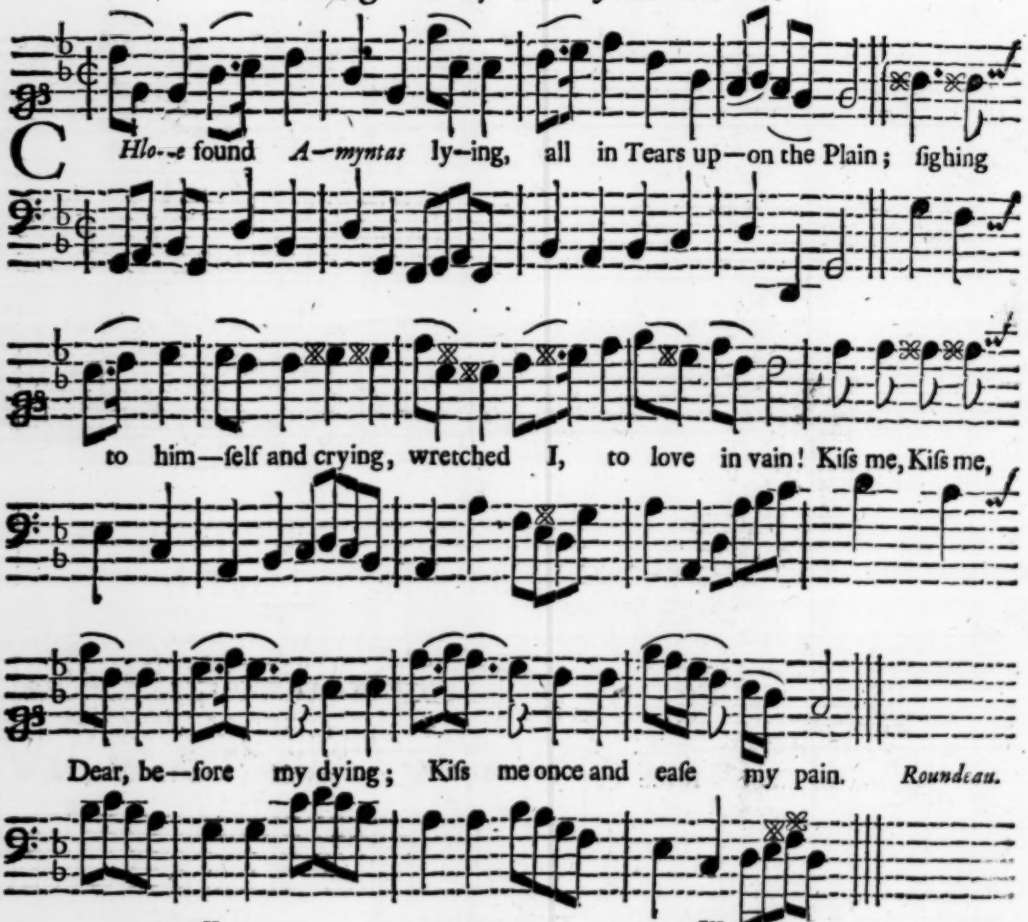




A Song ſet by Mr. *John Gilbert.*



II.

Sighing to himſelf and crying,
Wretched I, to Love in vain:
Ever ſcorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain;
Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

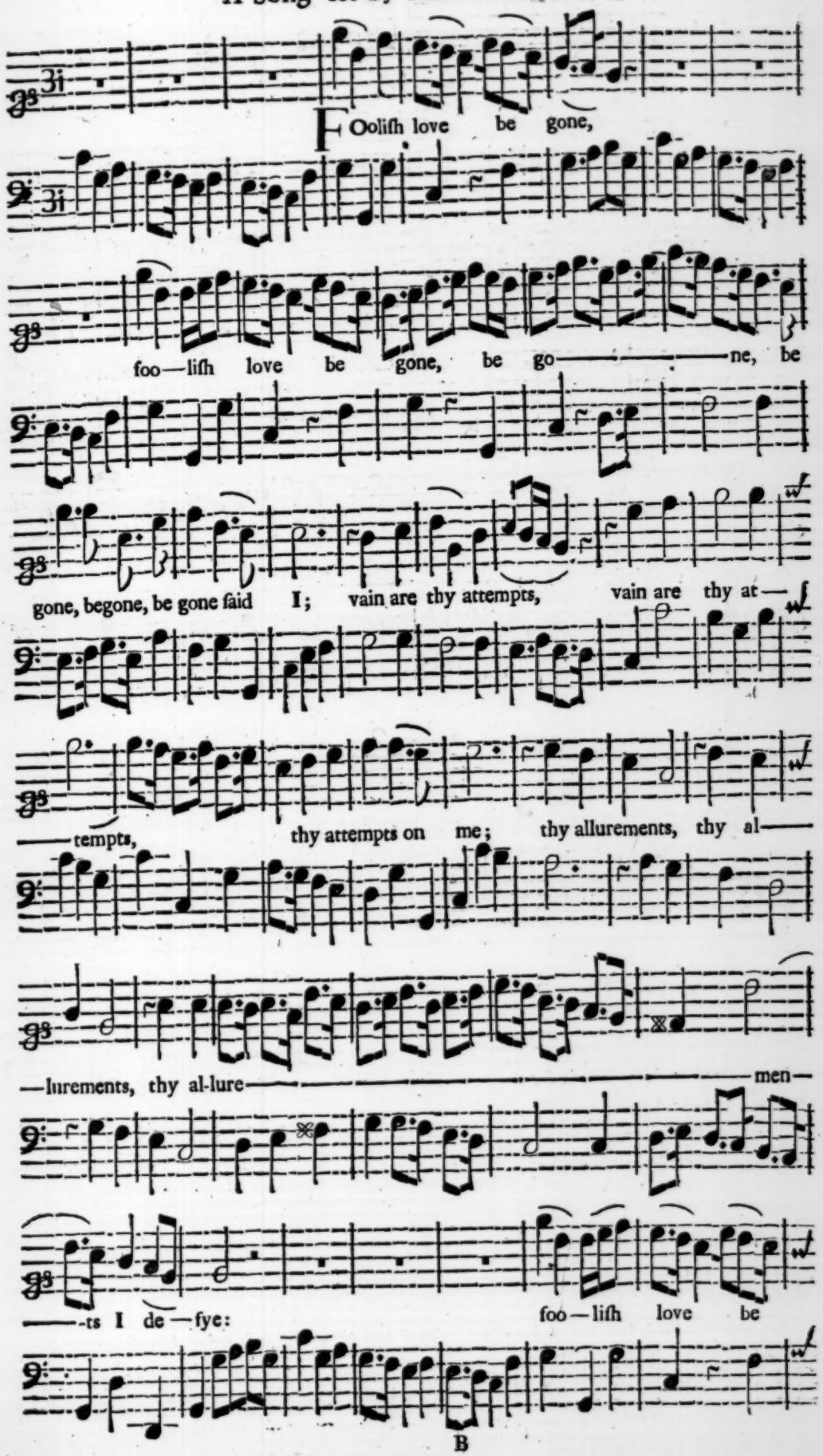
III.

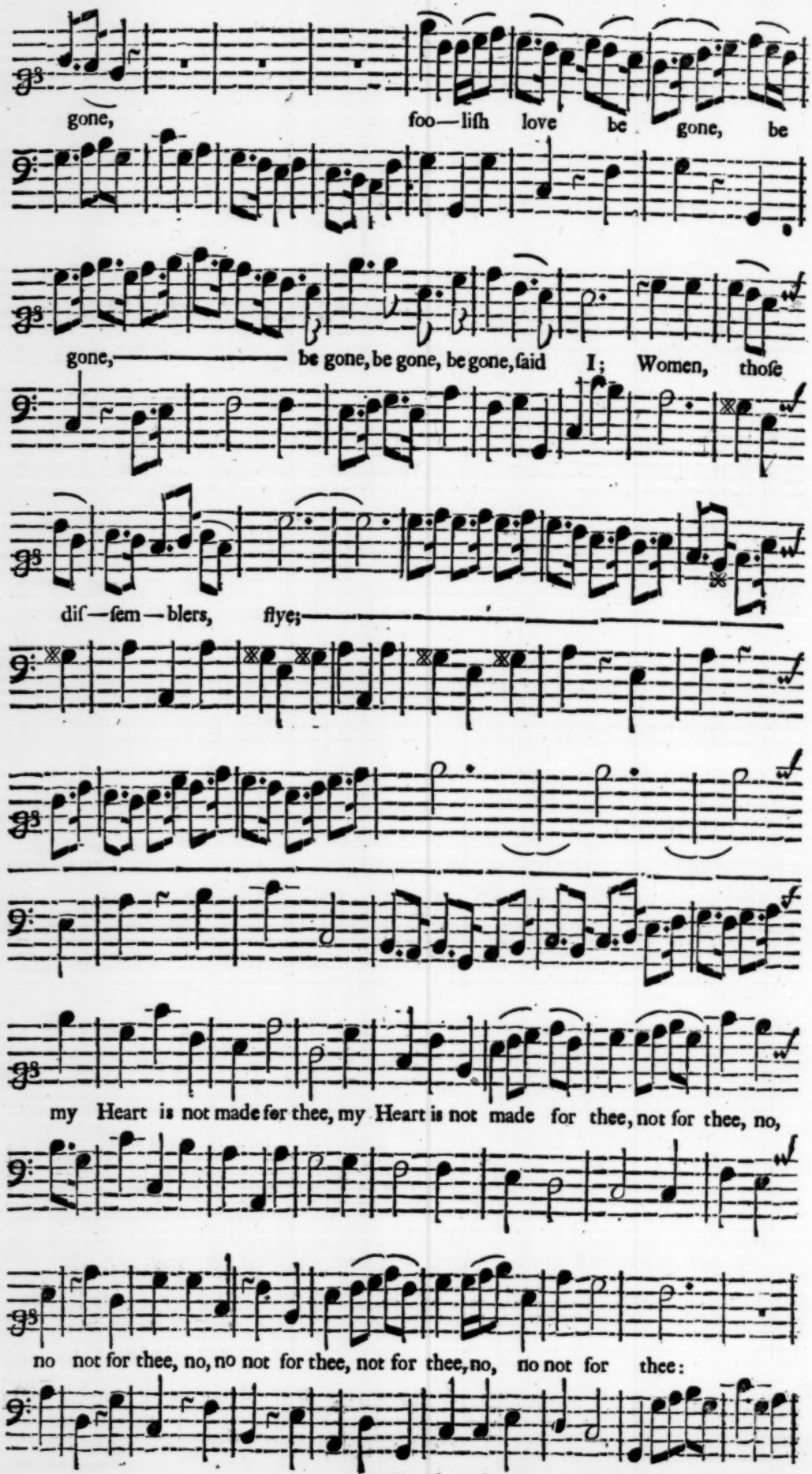
Ever ſcorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

IV.

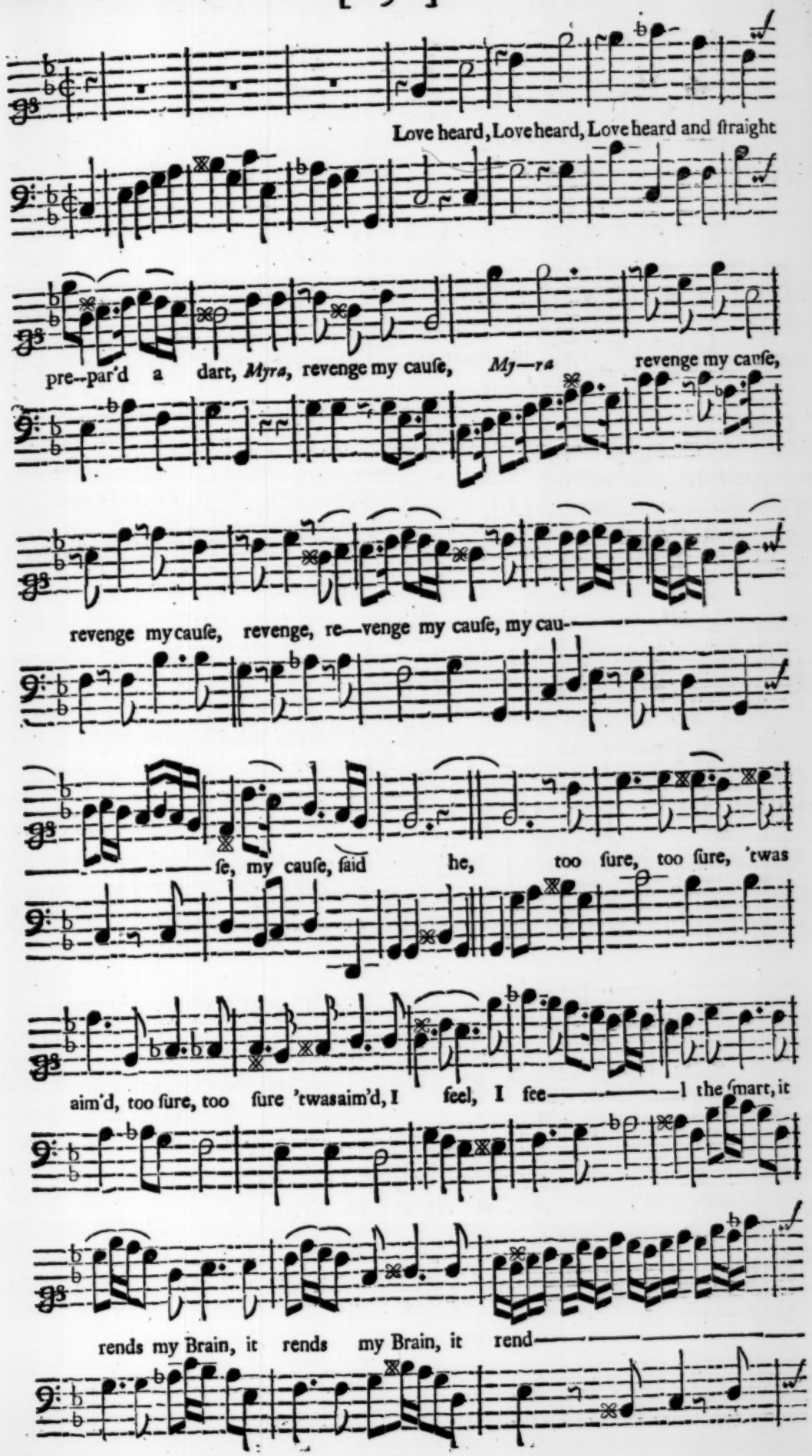
Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,
Kis'd Him up before His dying,
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

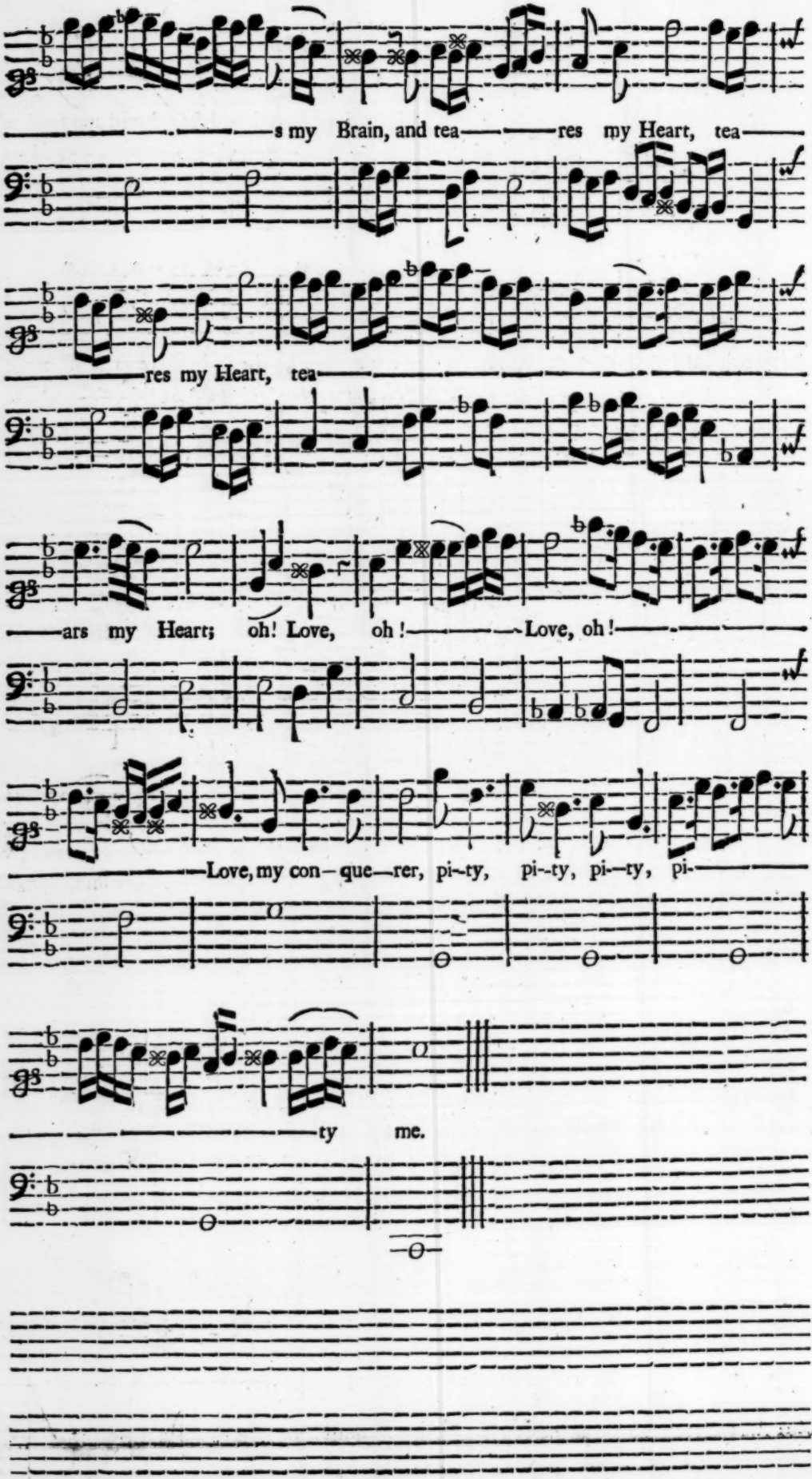
A Song ſet by Mr. *Courtivel.*



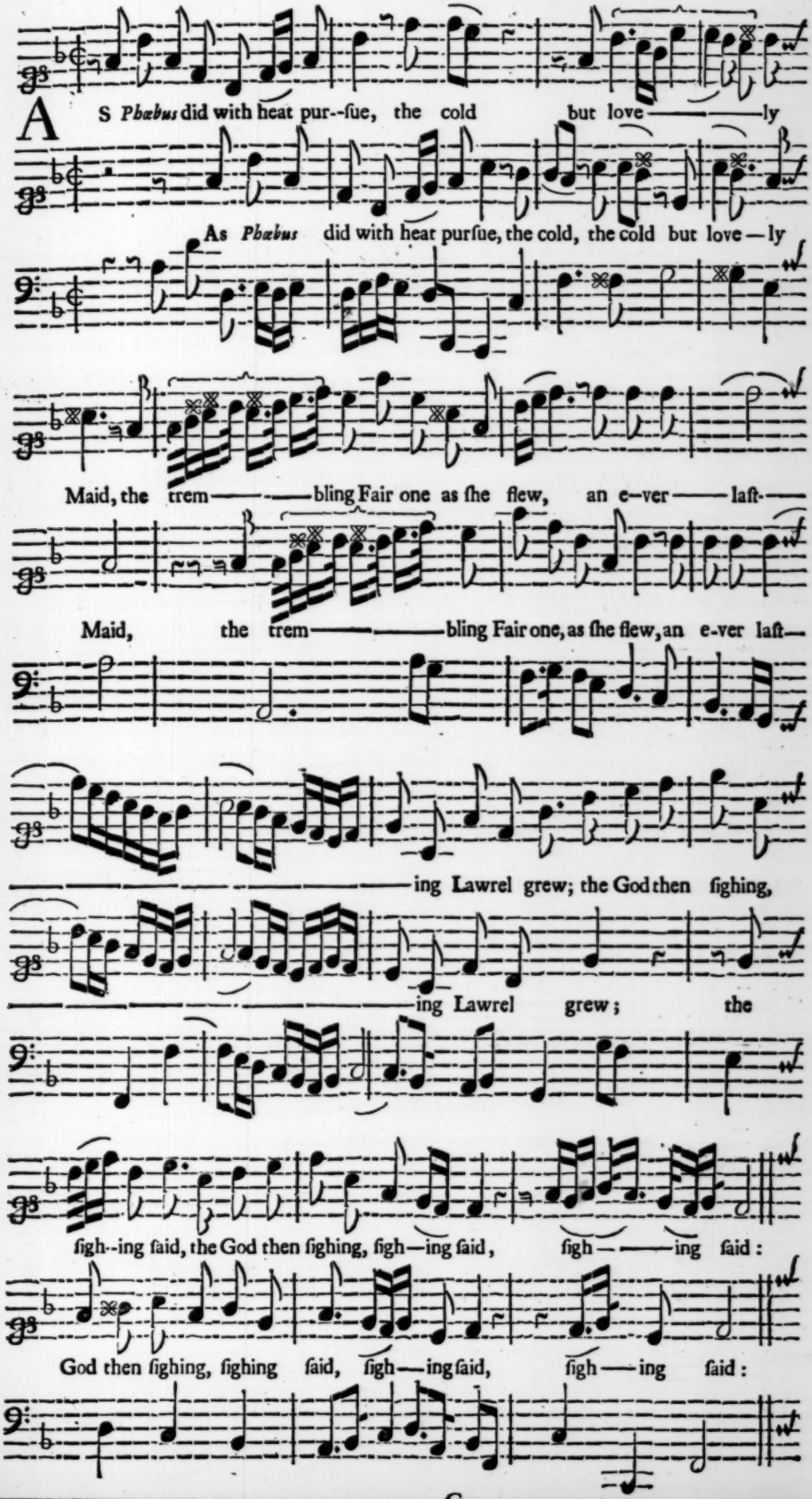


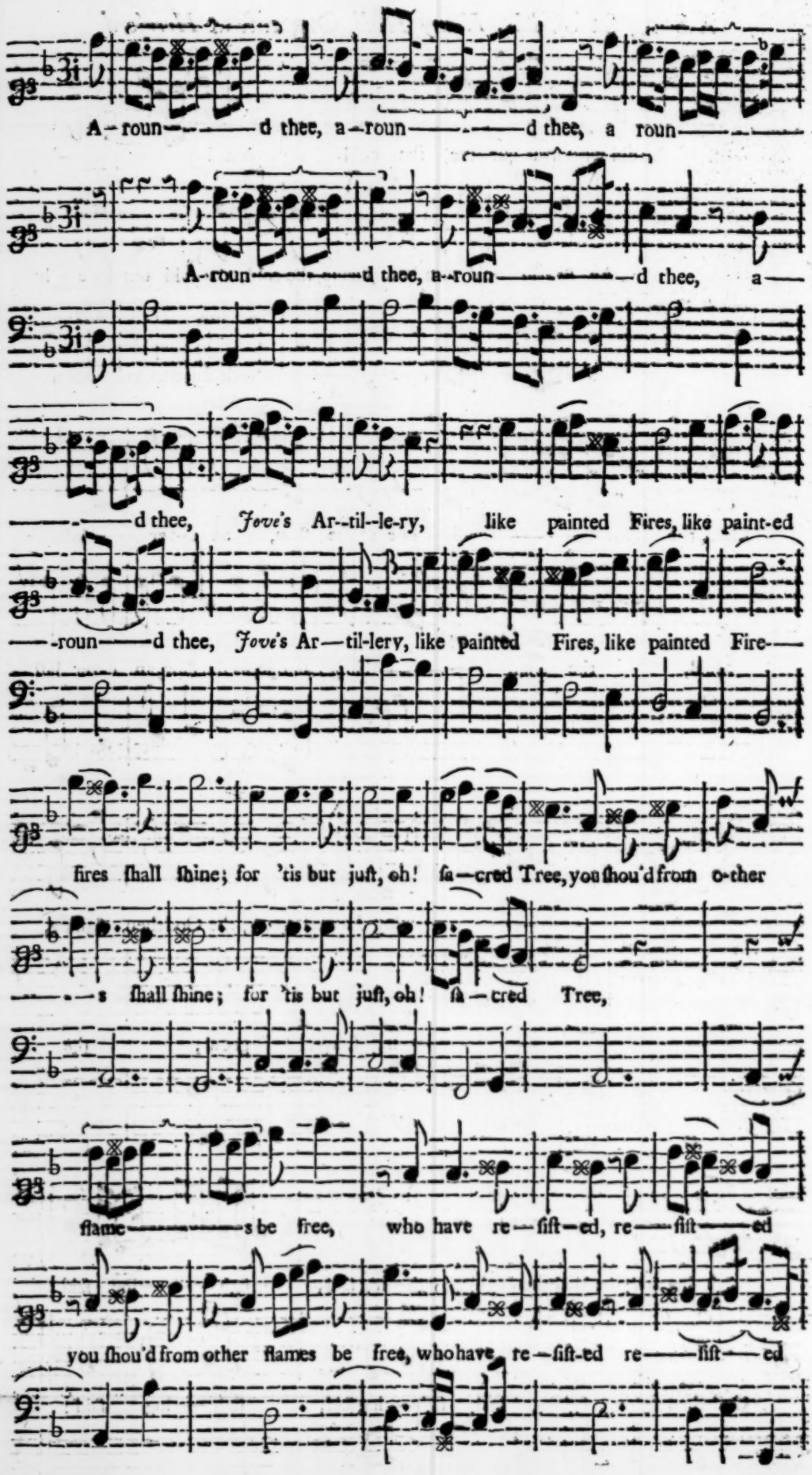
Sing from the repeat to the 1ſt. *Cloſe, which is at be gone ſaid I; then go on with* Love heard &c.

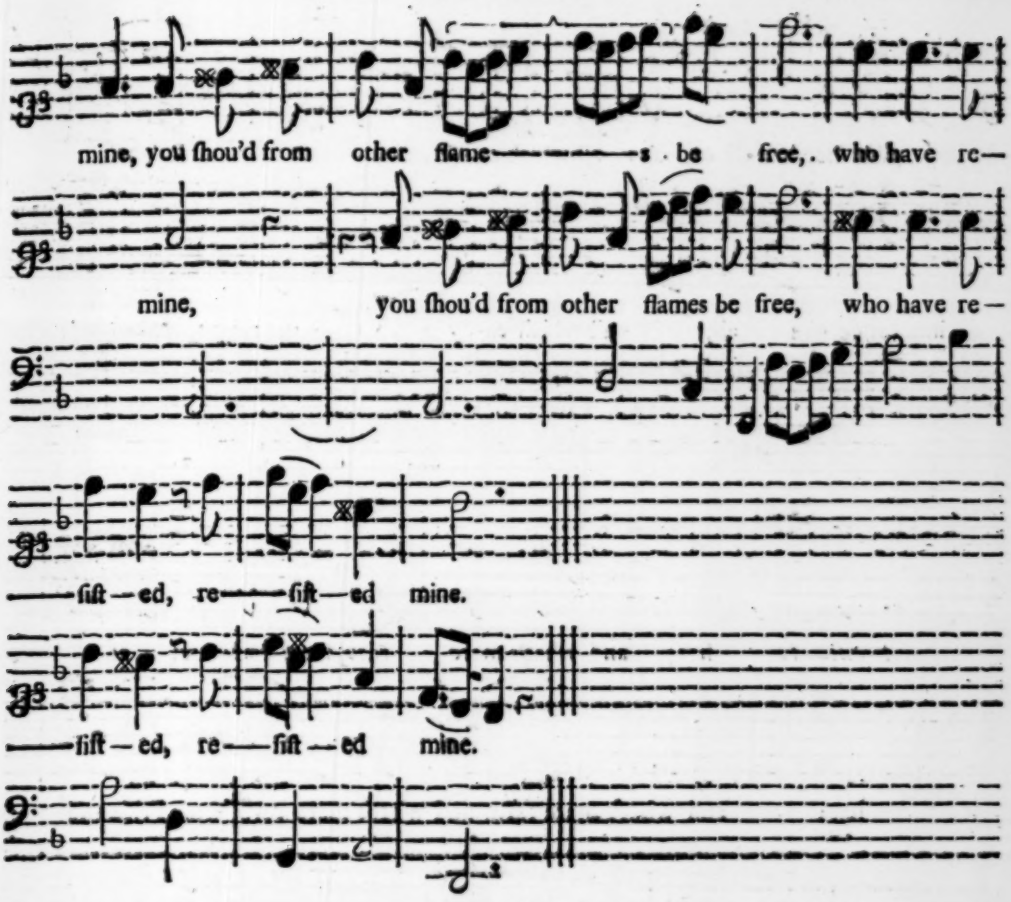

Love heard, Love heard, Love heard and ſtraight
pre--par'd a dart, Myra, revenge my cauſe, My—ra revenge my cauſe,
revenge my cauſe, revenge, re—venge my cauſe, my cau-
ſe, my cauſe, ſaid he, too ſure, too ſure, 'twas
aim'd, too ſure, too ſure 'twasaim'd, I feel, I fee—l the ſmart, it
rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rend


s my Brain, and tea res my Heart, tea
res my Heart, tea
ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh! Love, oh!
Love, my con- que- rer, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi-
ty me.

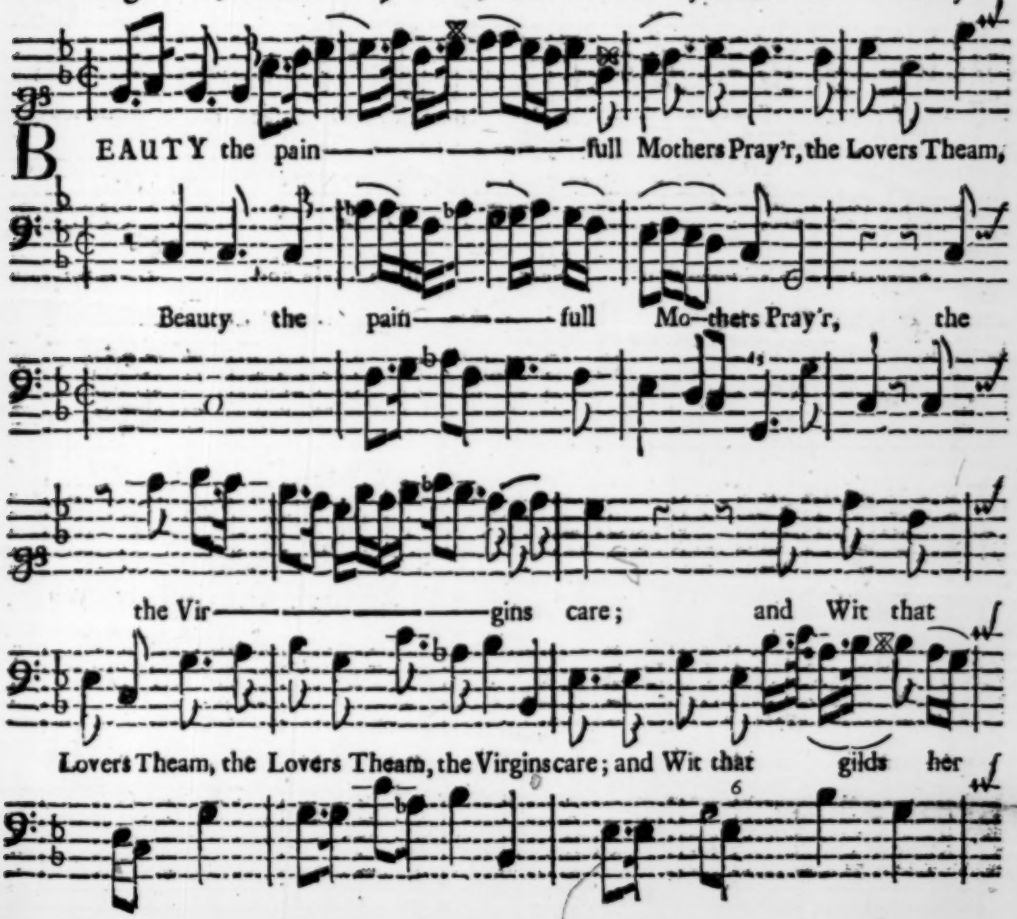
A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Hall*, Organiſt at *Hereford*.

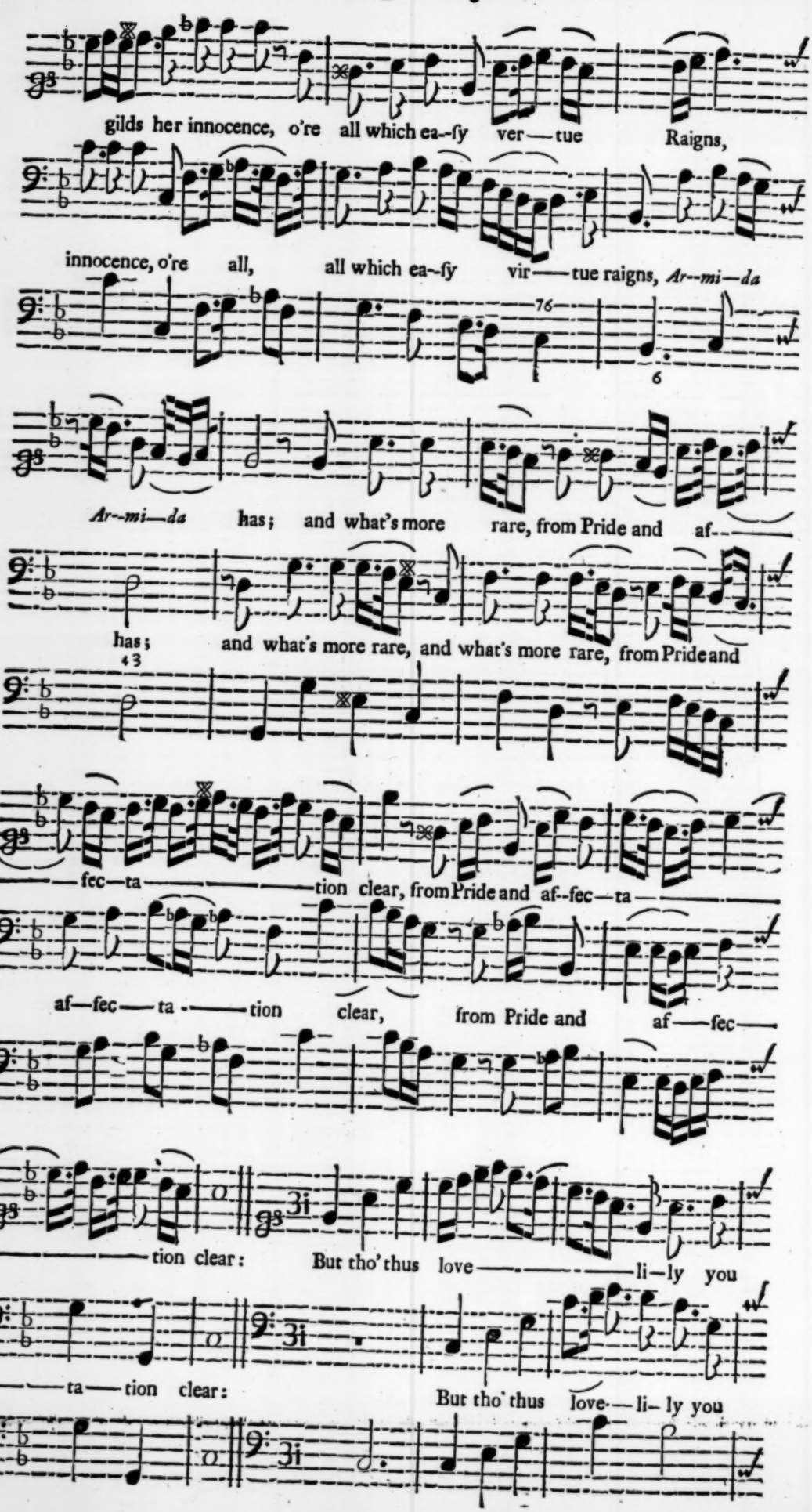


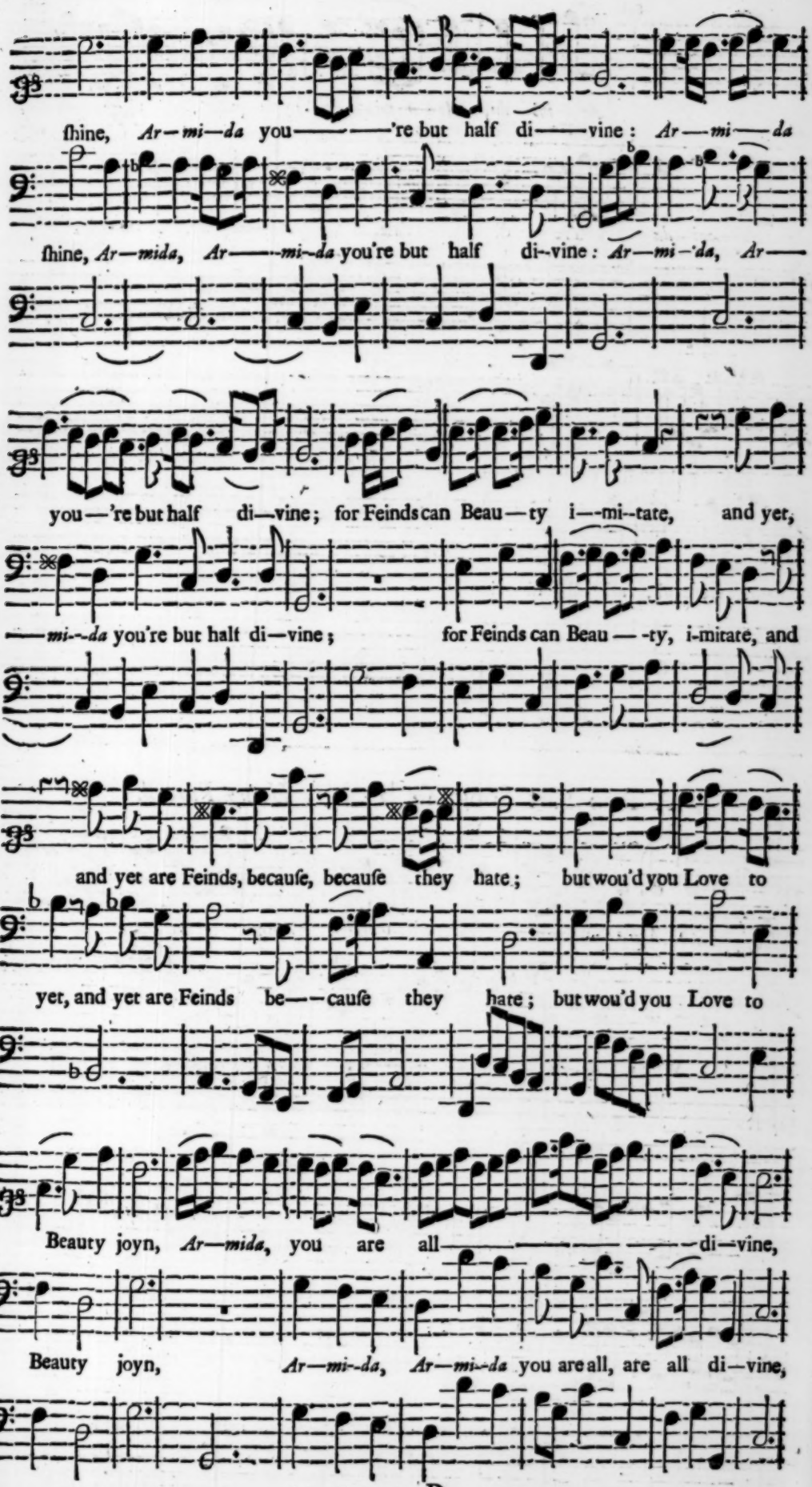

A-roun——d thee, a-roun——d thee, a roun——
A-roun——d thee, a-roun——d thee, a——
——d thee, Jove's Ar--til--le-ry, like painted Fires, like paint-ed
——roun——d thee, Jove's Ar—til-lery, like painted Fires, like painted Fire——
fires ſhall ſhine; for 'tis but juſt, oh! ſa—cred Tree, you ſhou'd from o-ther
——s ſhall ſhine; for 'tis but juſt, oh! ſa—cred Tree,
flame——s be free, who have re—ſiſt—ed, re——ſiſt——ed
you ſhou'd from other flames be free, who have re—ſiſt-ed re——ſiſt——ed

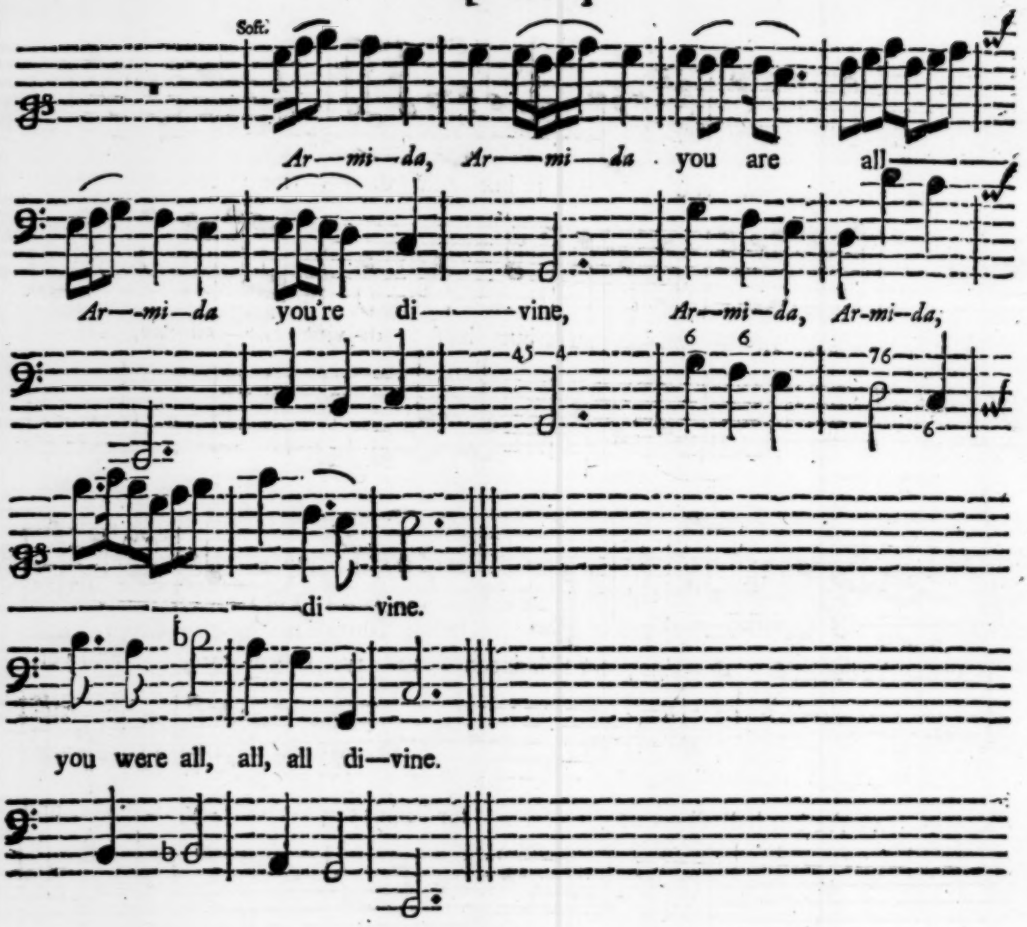


A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Hall*, the Words by Mr. *Peter Senhouſe*.

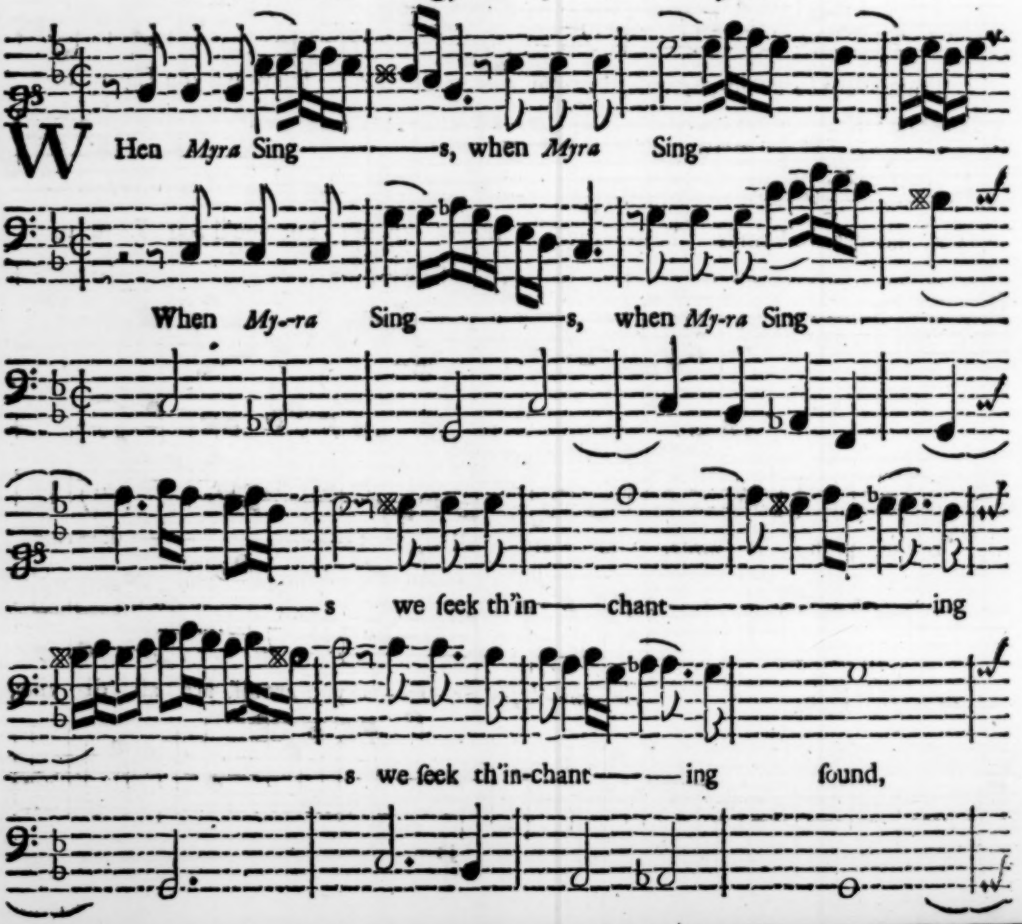


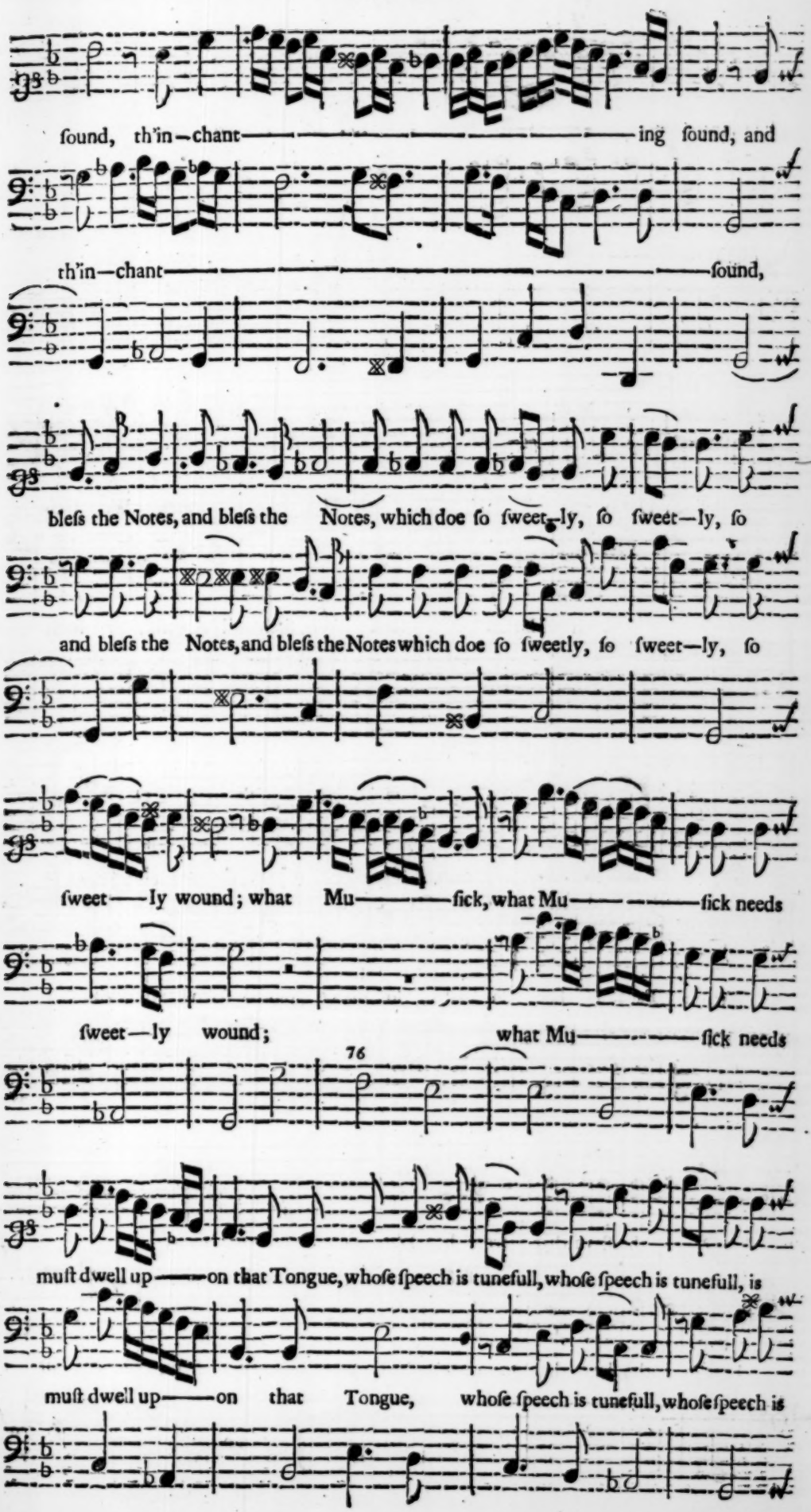

gilds her innocence, o're all which ea--ſy ver—tue Raigns,
innocence, o're all, all which ea--ſy vir—tue raigns, Ar--mi—da
Ar--mi—da has; and what's more rare, from Pride and af--
has; and what's more rare, and what's more rare, from Pride and
—fec—ta—tion clear, from Pride and af--fec—ta—
af—fec—ta—tion clear, from Pride and af—fec—
—tion clear: But tho' thus love—li—ly you
—ta—tion clear: But tho' thus love—li—ly you

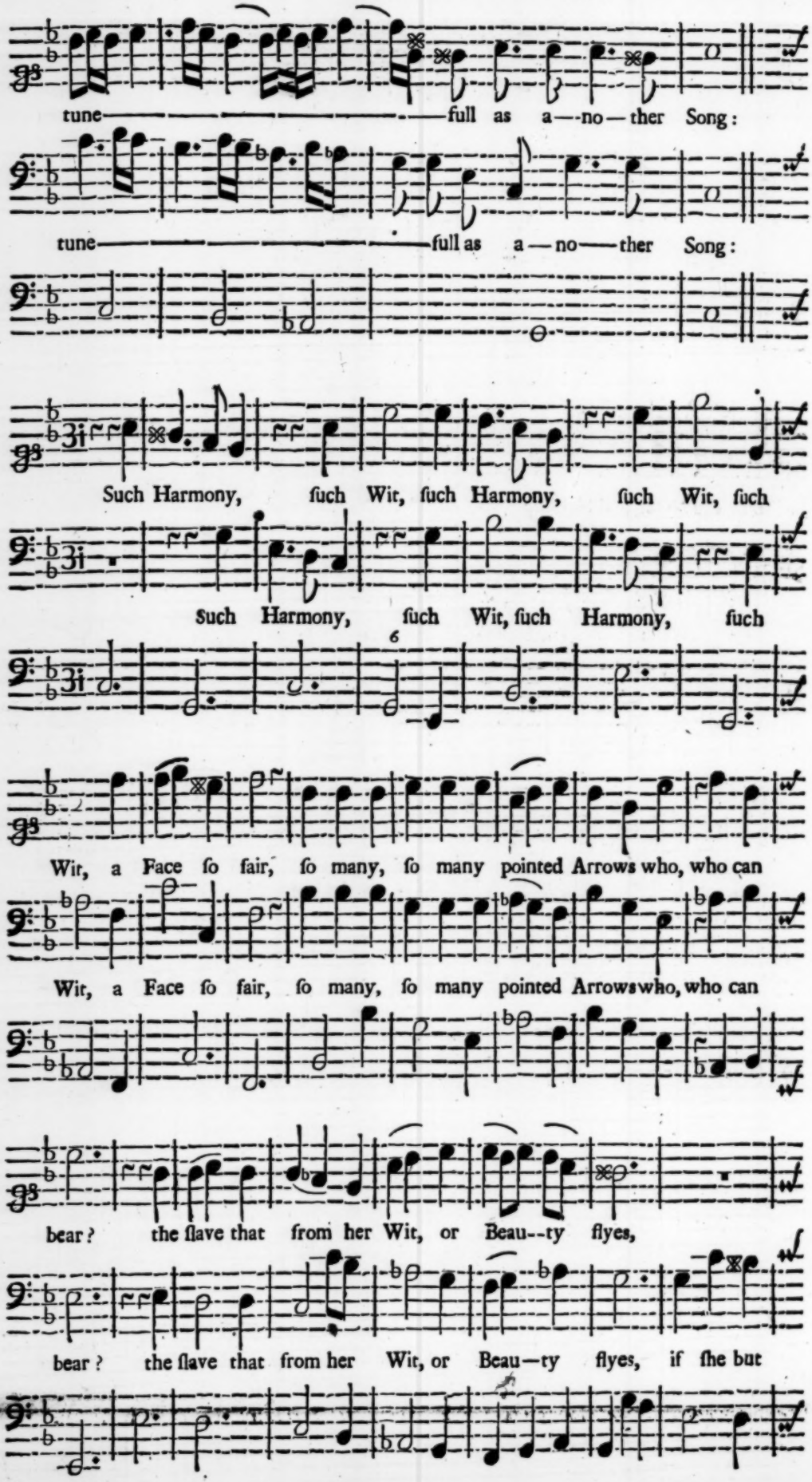

ſhine, Ar—mi—da you——'re but half di——vine: Ar—mi—da
ſhine, Ar—mida, Ar——mi—da you're but half di—vine: Ar—mi—da, Ar——
you—'re but half di—vine; for Feinds can Beau—ty i—mi—tate, and yet,
——mi—da you're but half di—vine; for Feinds can Beau——ty, i-mitate, and
and yet are Feinds, becauſe, becauſe they hate; but wou'd you Love to
yet, and yet are Feinds be——cauſe they hate; but wou'd you Love to
Beauty joyn, Ar—mida, you are all——di—vine,
Beauty joyn, Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da you are all, are all di—vine,

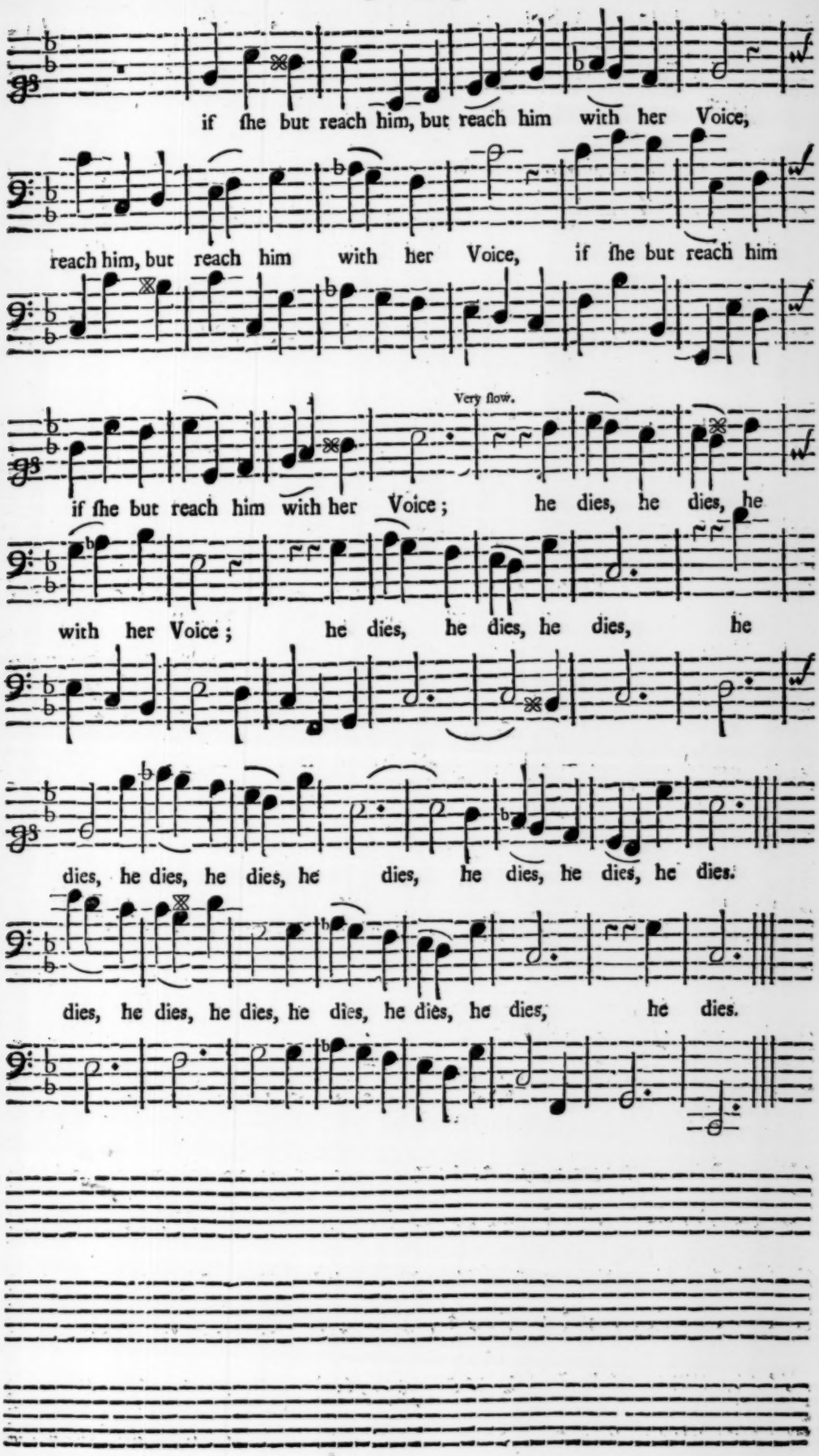


A Two Part Song, ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

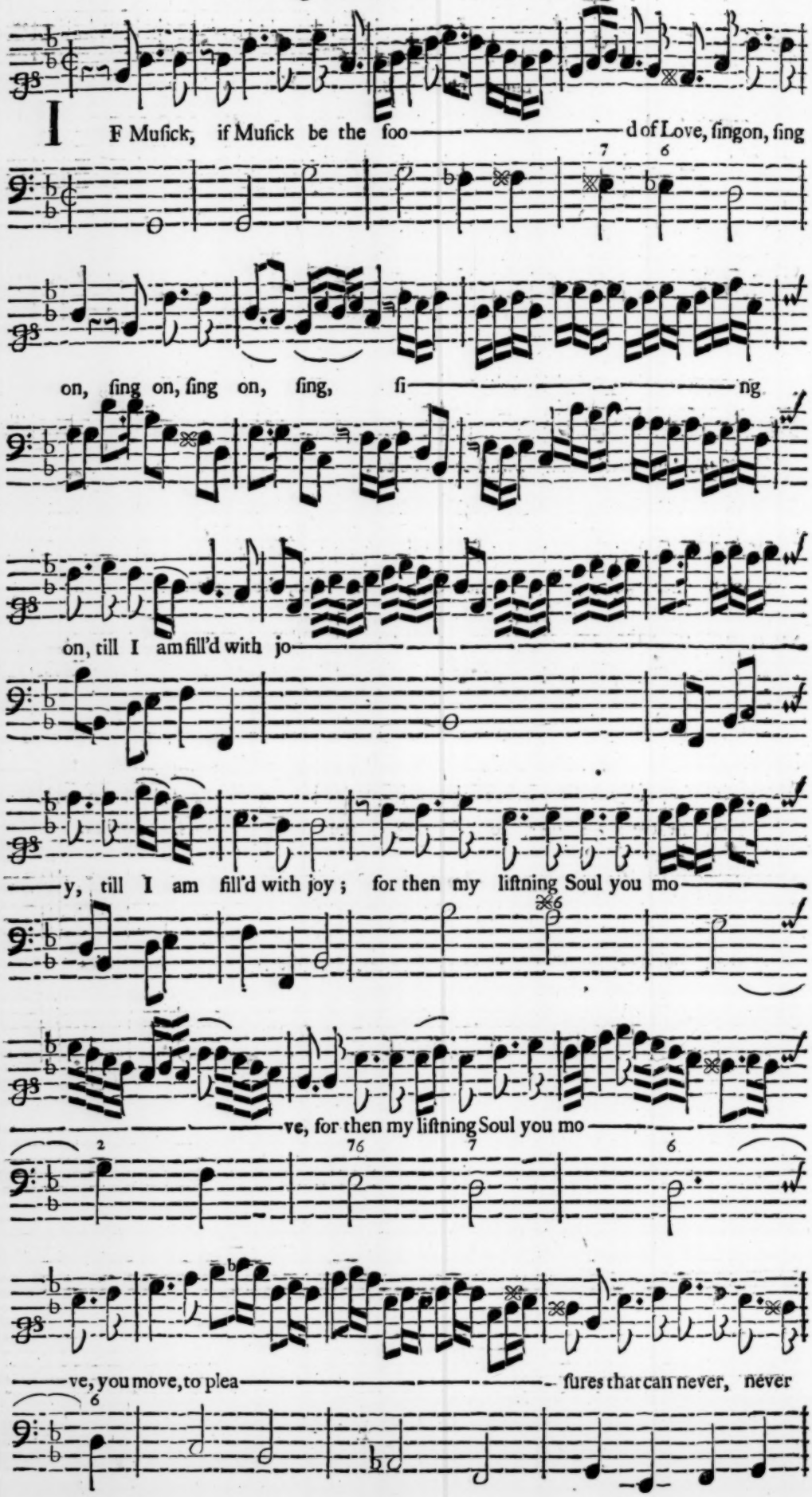


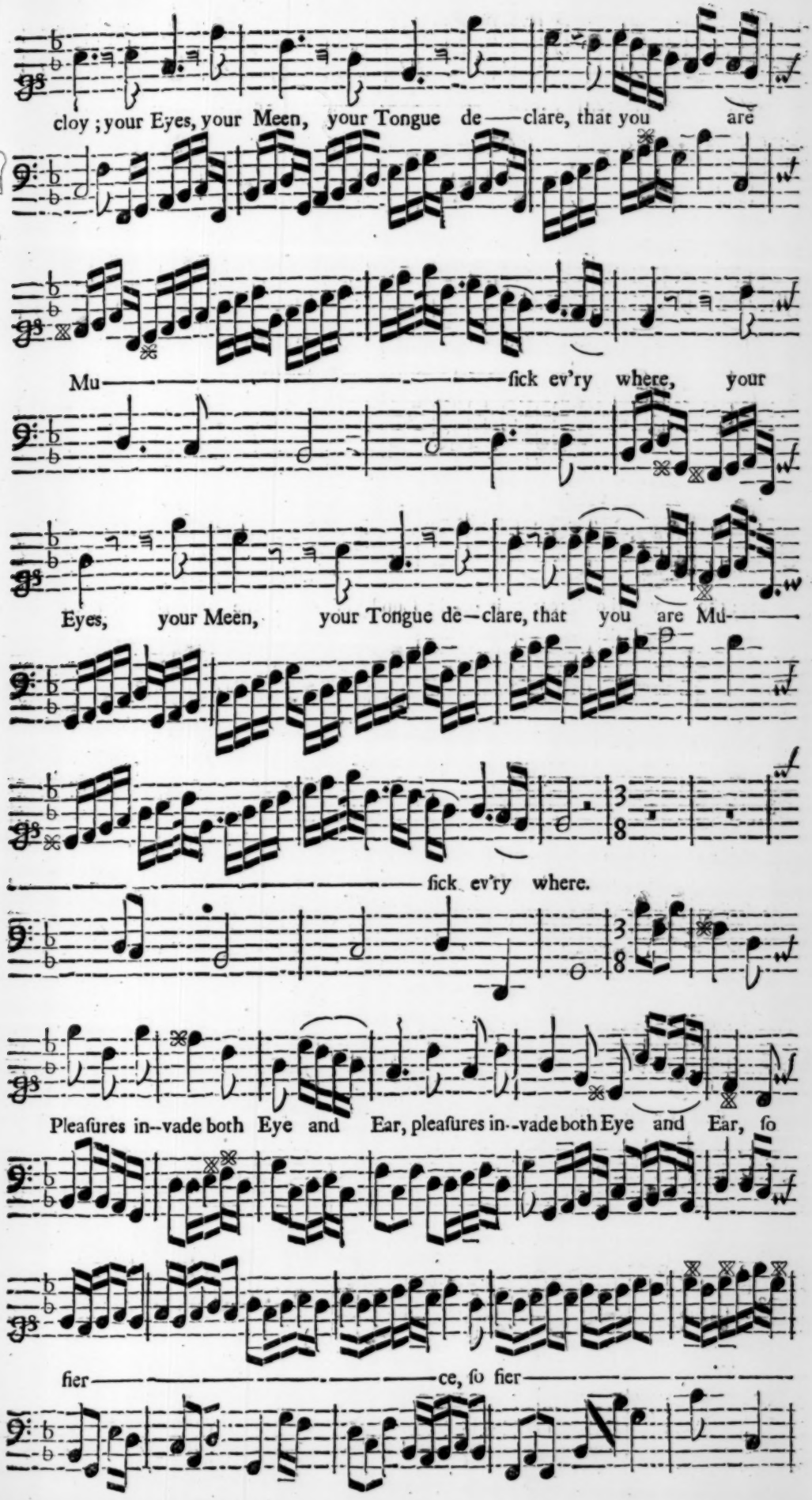

ſound, th'in—chant——ing ſound, and
th'in—chant——ſound,
bleſs the Notes, and bleſs the Notes, which doe ſo ſweet—ly, ſo ſweet—ly, ſo
and bleſs the Notes, and bleſs the Notes which doe ſo ſweetly, ſo ſweet—ly, ſo
ſweet——ly wound; what Mu——ſick, what Mu——ſick needs
ſweet—ly wound; what Mu——ſick needs
76
muſt dwell up——on that Tongue, whoſe ſpeech is tunefull, whoſe ſpeech is tunefull, is
muſt dwell up——on that Tongue, whoſe ſpeech is tunefull, whoſe ſpeech is

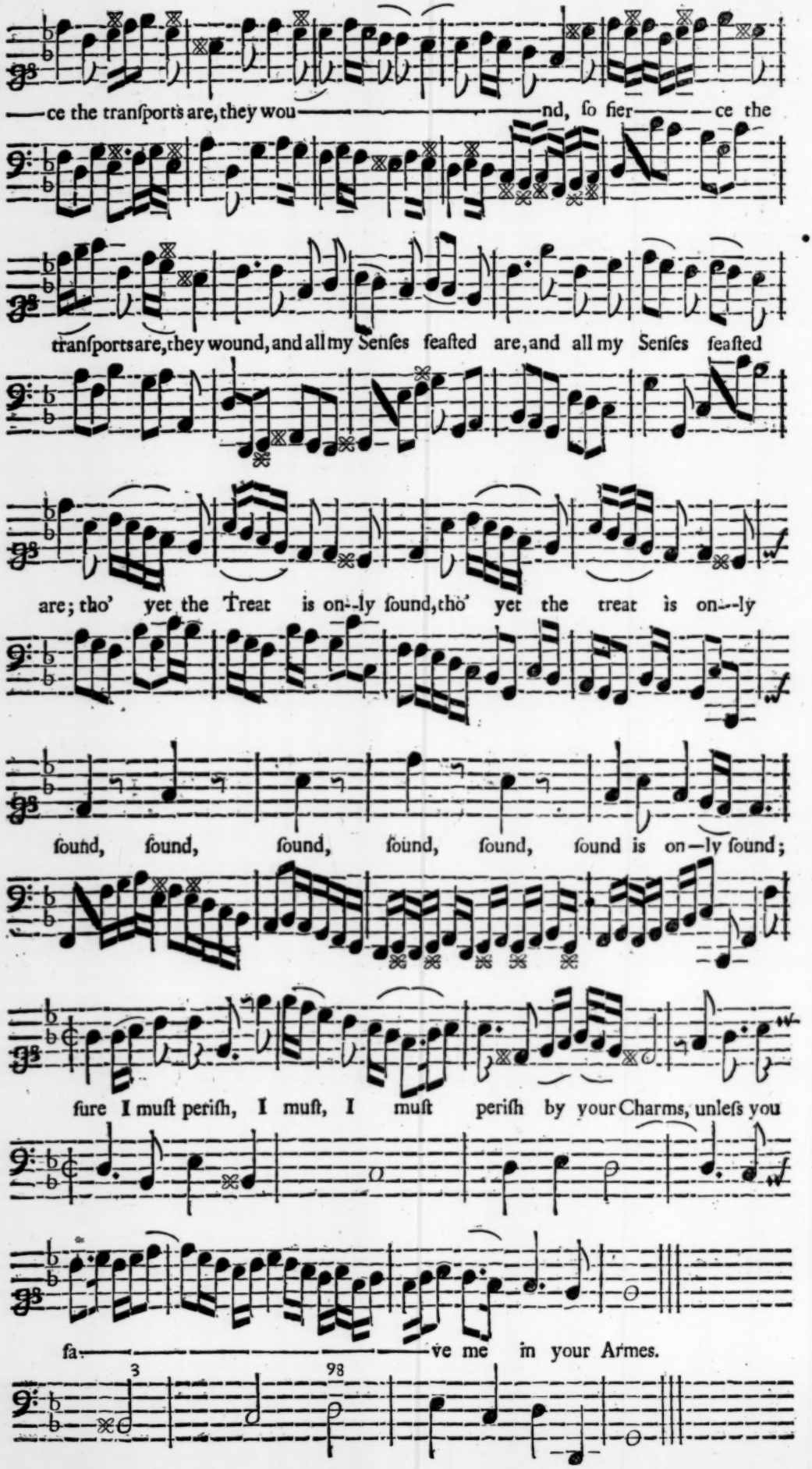

tune——————————full as a—no—ther Song:
tune——————————full as a—no—ther Song:
Such Harmony, ſuch Wit, ſuch Harmony, ſuch Wit, ſuch
Such Harmony, ſuch Wit, ſuch Harmony, ſuch
Wit, a Face ſo fair, ſo many, ſo many pointed Arrows who, who can
Wit, a Face ſo fair, ſo many, ſo many pointed Arrows who, who can
bear? the ſlave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flyes,
bear? the ſlave that from her Wit, or Beau—ty flyes, if ſhe but


if ſhe but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,
reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if ſhe but reach him
Very ſlow.
if ſhe but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he
with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he
dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.
dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

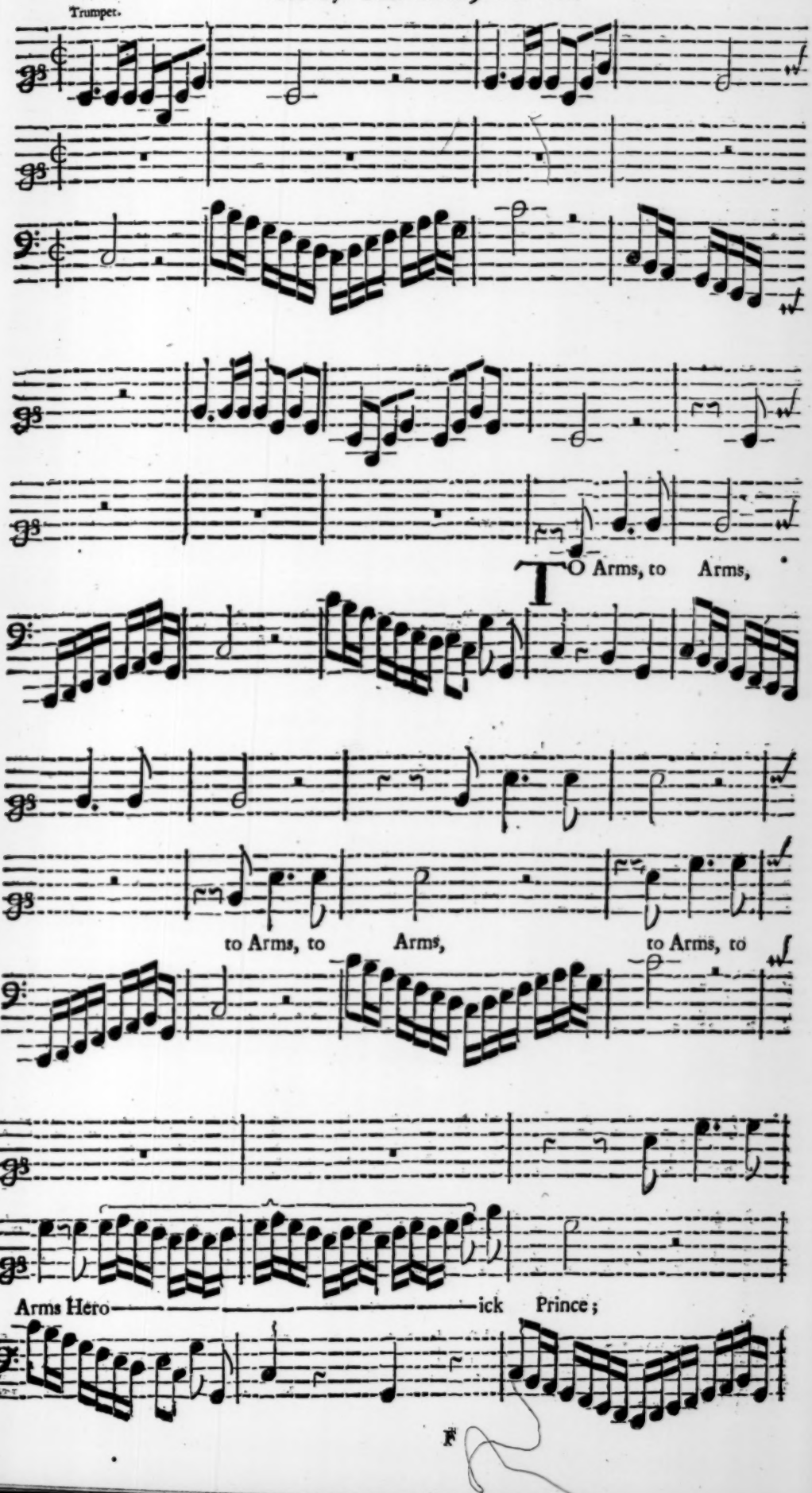
A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

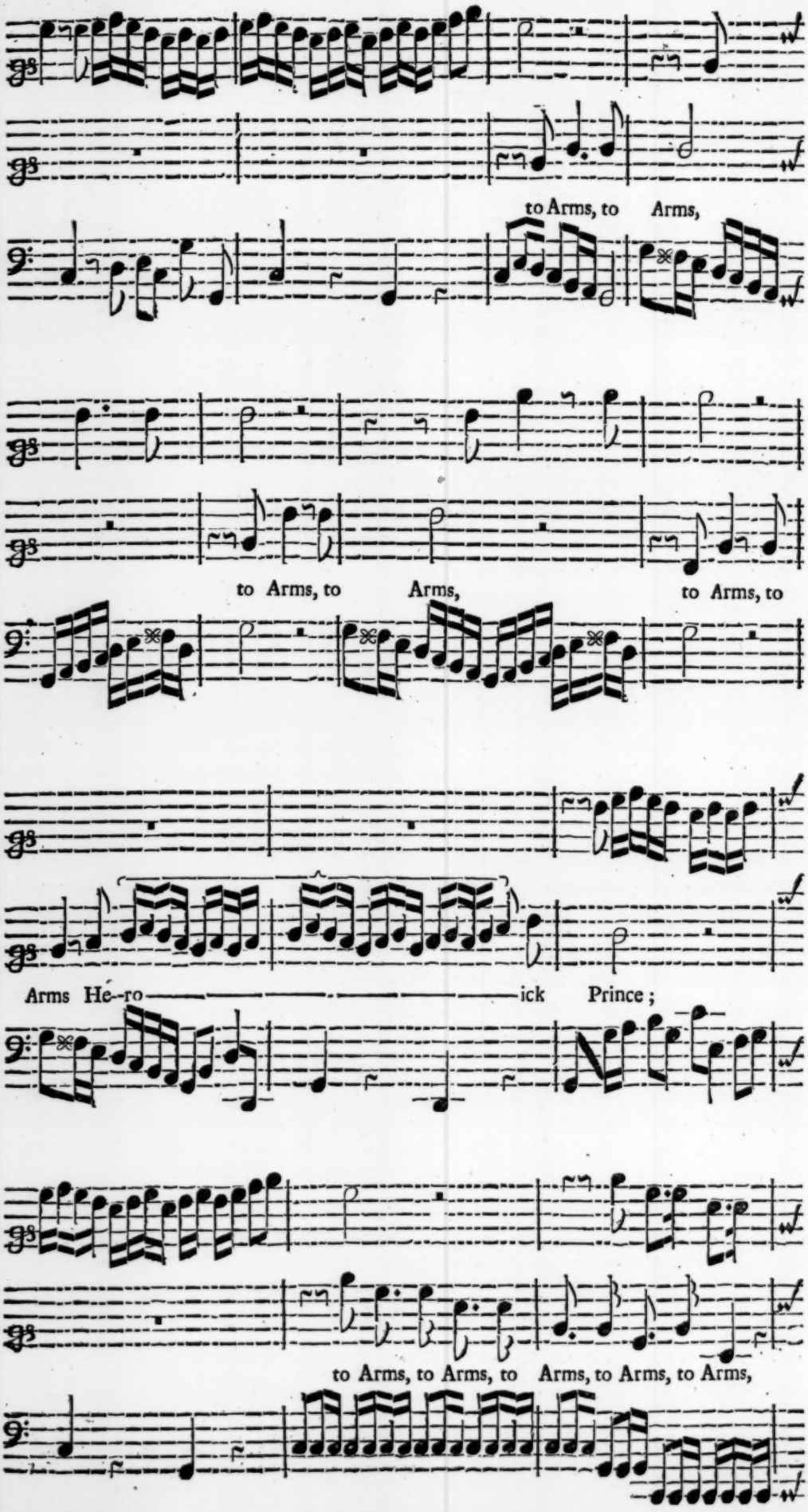


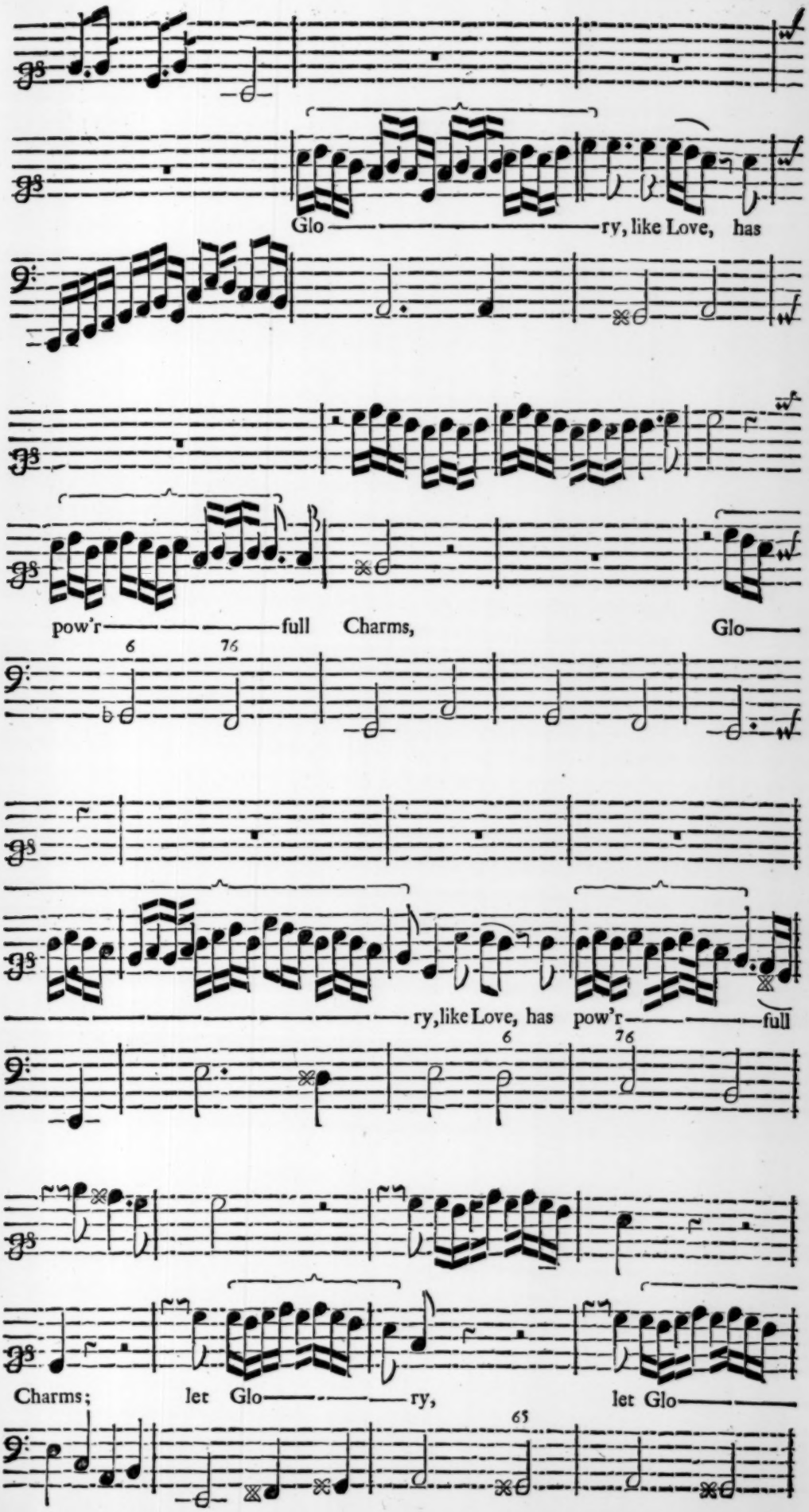

cloy ; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de — clare, that you are
Mu — ſick ev'ry where, your
Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de — clare, that you are Mu —
— ſick ev'ry where.
Pleaſures in-vade both Eye and Ear, pleaſures in-vade both Eye and Ear, ſo
fier — ce, ſo fier —

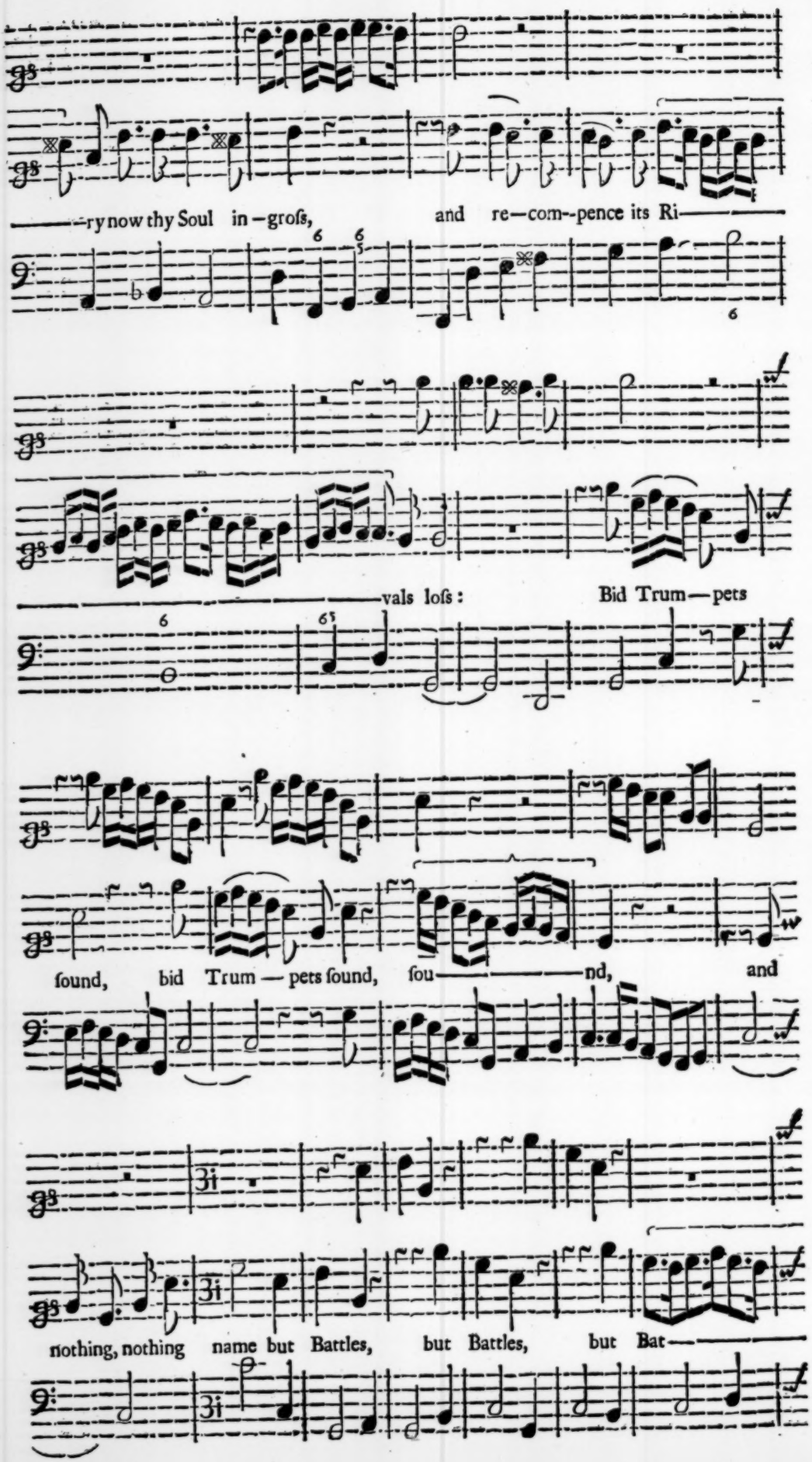

—ce the tranſports are, they wou——————nd, ſo fier———ce the
tranſports are, they wound, and all my Senſes feaſted are, and all my Senſes feaſted
are; tho' yet the Treat is on—ly ſound, tho' yet the treat is on—ly
ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound is on—ly ſound;
ſure I muſt periſh, I muſt, I muſt periſh by your Charms, unleſs you
ſa——————ve me in your Armes.
3
98

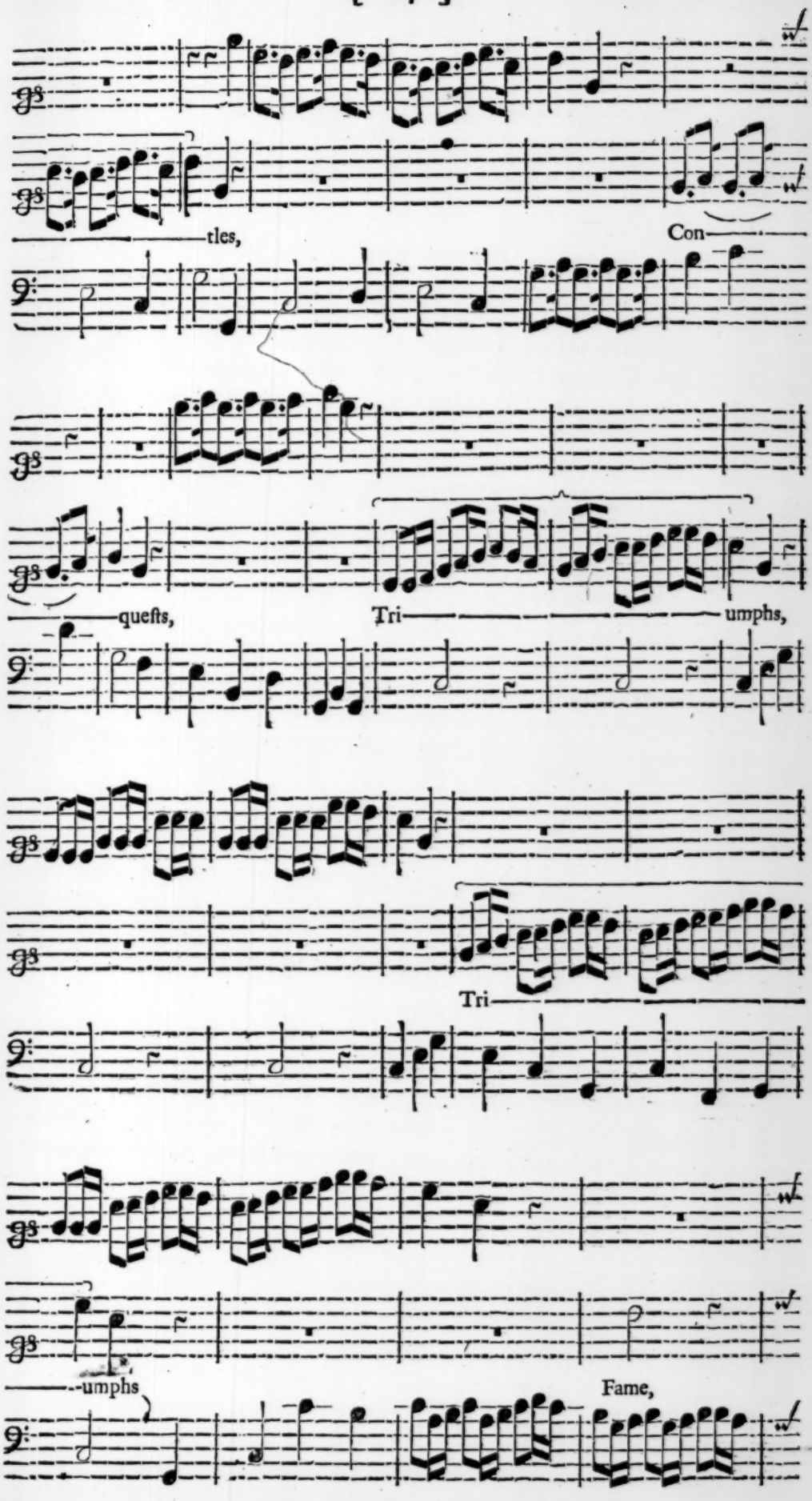
The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy, in the (*Libertine deſtroy'd.*) Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

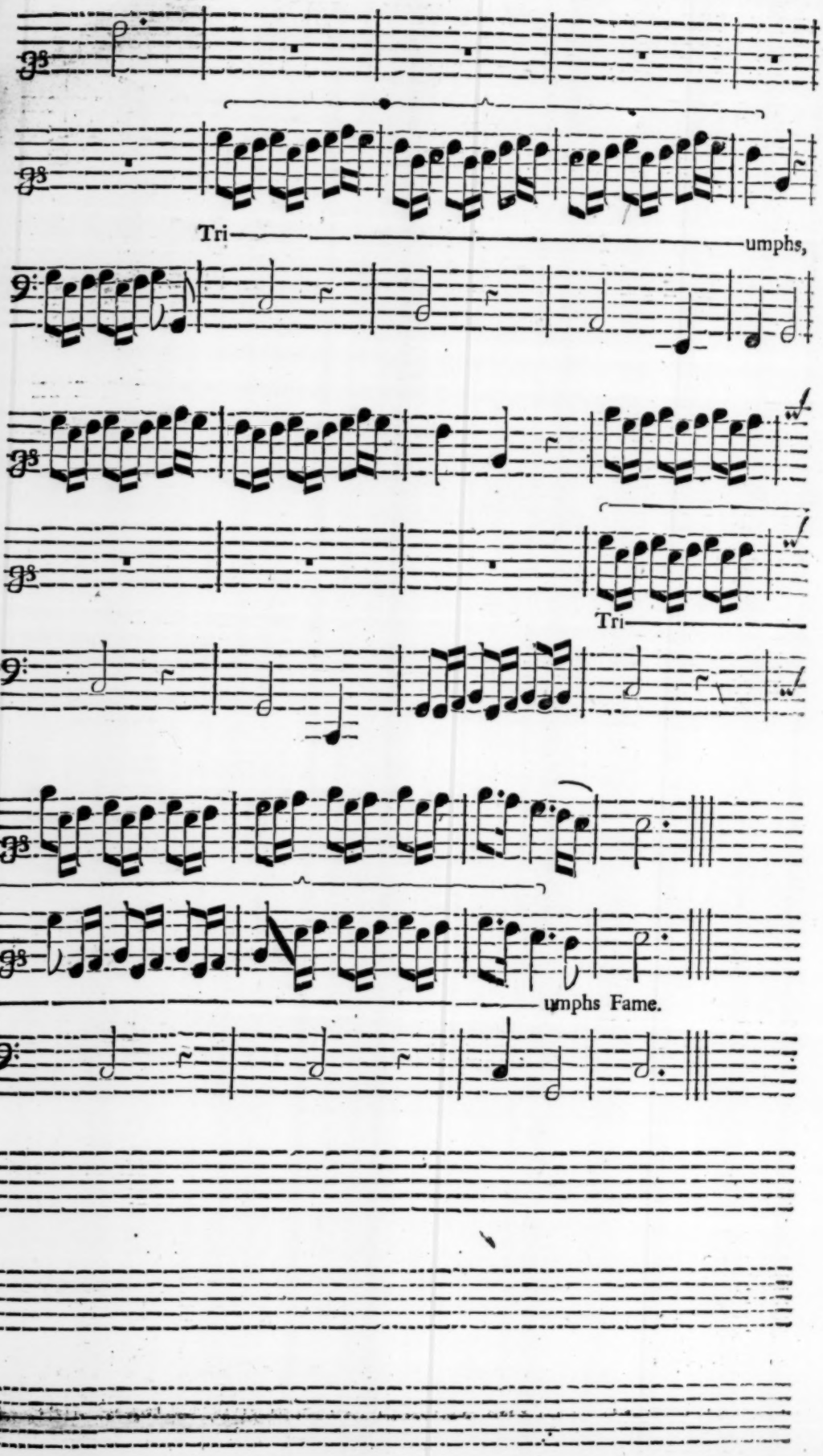



to Arms, to Arms,
to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to
Arms He-ro ick Prince;
to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,


Glo ry, like Love, has
pow'r full Charms, Glo
ry, like Love, has pow'r full
Charms; let Glo ry, let Glo


——ry now thy Soul in-groſs, and re—com--pence its Ri——
——vals loſs: Bid Trum—pets
ſound, bid Trum—pets ſound, ſou——nd, and
nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat——


tles,
Con
quests,
Tri
umphs,
Tri
umphs
Fame,



FINIS.